

FINNIGAN'S FORTUNE

An Original Comic Irish Play
in Three Acts

BY

CHARLES TOWNSEND

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"GOLDEN GULCH," "A BREEZY CALL," "BORDER LAND," "BROKEN FETTERS,"
"THE MAN FROM MAINE," "THE FAMILY DOCTOR," "DECEPTION,"
"MOSES," "EARLY VOWS," "THE IRON HAND," "THE JAIL BIRD,"
"ON GUARD," "MISS MADCAP," "SHAUN AROON," "TONY
THE TRAMP," "UNDER A CLOUD," "UNCLE JOSH,"
"THE WOVEN WEB," "STELLA," "VACA-
TION," "DOWN IN DIXIE," ETC.

AUTHOR'S EDITION

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CHARACTERS.

LARRY FINNIGAN, *easy-going, good-natured, but not averse to a "bit av a shindy."*

PATRICK, *his son; rather too fond of dress, but not a bad fellow at heart.*

RAFFERTY, *his friend through thick and thin.*

DUTCH JAKE, *his particular aversion.*

COUNT DE MORNEY, *one of the great flock of black sheep.*

MRS. FINNIGAN, *Larry's ambitious wife.*

KATY, *Jake's daughter.*

LADY HANNAH LOVEJOY, *an adventuress.*

TIME. — The present.

PLACE. — New York City. A lapse of a month between the first and second acts; of a night between the second and third acts.

Time of playing, two hours and a quarter.



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COSTUMES.

(See, also, "Remarks on the Play.")

FINNIGAN. — *Act I. First dress.* Rough suit; hat, overalls, and shoes stained with mortar. *Second dress.* A working-man's "best" suit, somewhat old-fashioned and ill-fitting. *Act II. First dress.* Fancy trousers, slippers, smoking-jacket, fez. *Second dress.* Full evening costume. *Act III.* Dressing-gown, slippers; no collar.

PATRICK. — *Act I.* Rather bizarre costume, hat, gloves, walking-stick. *Act II.* Evening dress. *Act III.* Long-skirted, light frock coat, broad-striped trousers, fancy vest, patent leather shoes.

RAFFERTY. — *Acts I. and II.* Ordinary modern costume. *Act III. First dress.* Same as before. *Second dress.* Police uniform.

JAKE. — Sack suit throughout.

COUNT. — *Act II.* Evening dress. *Act III.* Street dress.

MRS. FINNIGAN. — *Act I.* Gaudy house dress. *Act II.* Evening dress, *en train*, decidedly *outré*; opera cloak, etc., for second entrance. *Act III.* Fashionable house dress.

KATY. — *Act I.* Plain house dress; burnouse, or head scarf. *Acts II. and III.* Neat house dress.

LADY HANNAH. — *Act II.* Fashionable evening dress; opera cloak, fan, gloves. *Act III.* Elegant house dress.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I. — Novel for MRS. FINNIGAN. Clay pipe, tobacco, and matches for FINNIGAN. Newspapers for JAKE and FINNIGAN. Loaf of bread for PATRICK. Telegram in envelope for PATRICK.

ACT II. — Book for MRS. FINNIGAN (*on table*). Coin and check-book for FINNIGAN. Pen and ink on table; also large illustrated book. Box of caramels for PATRICK. Clay pipes, tobacco, and matches for RAFFERTY and FINNIGAN. Liquor-flask for RAFFERTY.

ACT III. — Large water-pitcher for FINNIGAN. Package of bank-notes and dagger for COUNT.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS FOR PROGRAMMES.

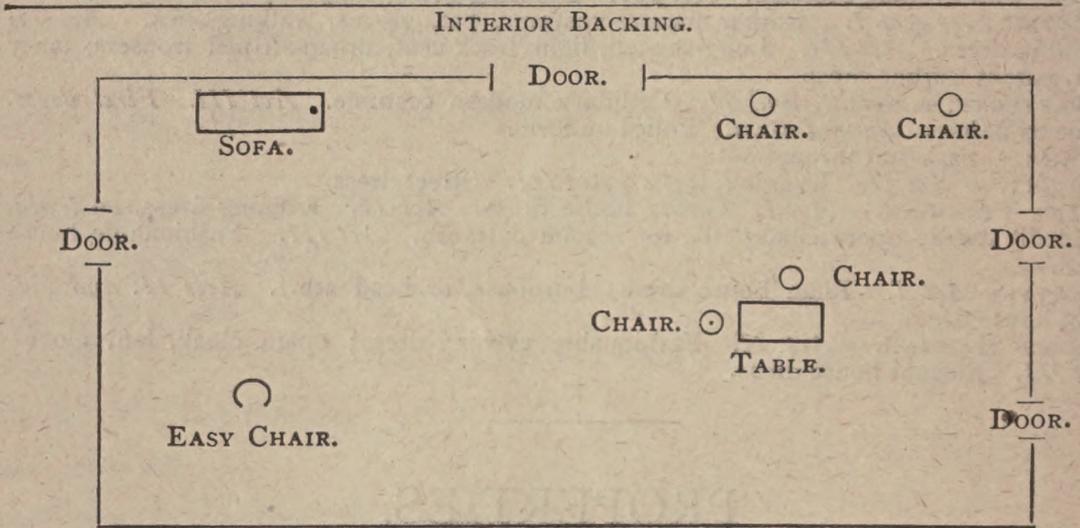
ACT I. — The home in "Finnigan's Alley," New York City. — Mrs. Finnigan's ambition. — "And me a-dyin' to see the Italian opery." — An unwelcome visitor. — Rafferty's news. — "Me wife's mother's uncle is dead." — Finnigan arrives. — On a strike. — "What for, I dunno. They said strike, an' we struck." — Rafferty in hot water. — Finnigan's song. — His opinion of dudes. — Patrick the Dainty. — "He'll be axin' for pie next." — Katy. — Jake and Finnigan. — War threatened. — War declared. — Pat in trouble. — Katy's reason. — "T-a-f— taf, f-i-e—fy, taffy!" — Katy gets mad. — "What a nice, quiet time I'm having!" — The telegram. — Fortune smiles at last. — "Now I *will* lick that Dutchman!" — Tableau!

ACT II. — A month later. — Finnigan's new home on Murray Hill. — Mrs. Finnigan's trouble. — Her struggles with "Frinch." — The trip to Coney Island. — The Count and Lady Hannah. — A little backbiting. — Katy speaks her mind. — "Begorry, the ould mon has got wan friend lift." — High society. — Snubs all around. — Father and son. — The check. — A bashful young man. — The proposal. — "Don't you dare kiss me." — A pretty pair of swindlers. — Lady Hannah's advice. — A dangerous game. — More snubs. — Finnigan's desperation. — "I'll commit suicide av it costs me me life!" — Rafferty's suggestion. — The temptation. — "It looks like whiskey." — Recalling old times. — Finnigan asserts himself. — A roaring row.

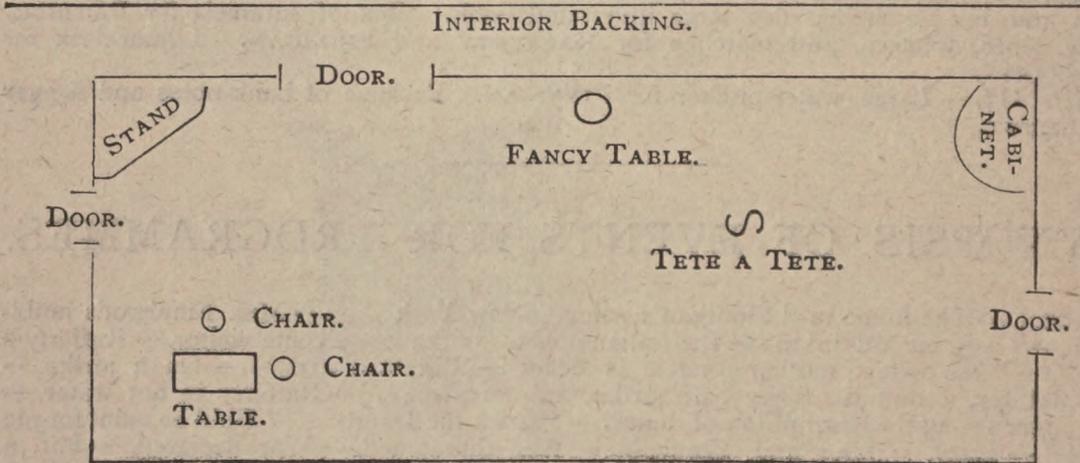
* ACT III. — The next morning. — Mrs. Finnigan's new trouble. — Finnigan a wreck. — "I'm a blowed-up steamboat." — Mrs. Finnigan meets her match. — Cold comfort. — Jake brings startling information. — The swindlers compare notes. — The Count is cornered. — Jake "gets his Dutch up." — Finnigan interferes. — "Let the ould mon do the slugging!" — The attempted murder. — The surprise. — Policeman Rafferty. — Finnigan's vow. — *Finale*.

STAGE SETTINGS.

ACT I.



ACTS II. AND III.



SCENE PLOT.

ACT I. — Plainly furnished room in fourth grooves, with interior backing in fifth grooves. Carpet down. Doors c. in flat, R. U. E., L. U. E., and L. I. E. Sofa up R., chairs up L. Easy-chair down R. Table and chairs down L.

ACTS II. AND III. — Elaborately furnished room in fourth grooves, with fancy interior backing in fifth grooves. Doors R. c. in flat, R. U. E. and L. I. E. Carpet and numerous rugs. Corner stand up R. Cabinet in corner L. Fancy table with books up c. *Tête-à-tête* with gorgeous pillow L. c. Table with writing material and chairs R. front. This scene must be in striking contrast with Act I. Make the set as elaborate as possible, as there is no change. Decorate the walls with numerous pictures, hung with the worst possible taste, and have the furniture in keeping. This bad taste is characteristic of the "newly rich" in their desire for inordinate display, and therefore in presenting this play MR. TOWNSEND always made a special feature of the stage setting.

FINNIGAN'S FORTUNE.

ACT I.

SCENE. — *A plainly furnished room in fourth grooves, with interior backing in fifth grooves. Carpet down. Doors C. in flat. R. U. E., L. U. E., and L. I. E. Sofa up R. Chairs up L. Easy-chair down R. Table and chairs L.*

(*Enter MRS. FINNIGAN, with book, R. U. E.*)

MRS. F. (C.). What a perfectly deloightful story av modern high society is this book! It jist takes me breath away entoirely, so it does. (*Sits at table.*) Oh, dear! oh, dear! Why couldn't it have been me luck, now, to marry a rich mon, an' shine among all the big bugs? If Mr. Finnigan only had any stoyle whativer about him! But niver a taste has he got at all. He jist works in thot dirty ould lime an' mortar all the day, an' whin night comes he niver will go anywhare but Tony Pastor's The-a-tre. An' me dyin' entoirely to see the Italian opery, in a low dress, wid a long train. It's too awfully provokin', so it is. Av it wasn't for that ould Rafferty, — bad cess to him! — I might get me husband out to the opery some toime. I jist despoise that Rafferty, so I do, an' I wish he'd niver come here again. (*Knock C. D.*) Come in.

(*Enter RAFFERTY, C. D.*)

RAF. Good-afternoon to ye, Mrs. Finnigan.

MRS. F. The saints presarve ye, Mr. Rafferty. Sure, I was jist thinkin' about ye, an' hopin' ye'd call around, so I was.

RAF. Thank ye truly, Mrs. Finnigan. (*Aside.*) I belave she's lyin', ivery blissid word av it.

MRS. F. Take a sate, Mr. Rafferty. An' how is the wife an' childer, I don' know?

RAF. (*seated R.*) They're all well, thank ye, but me wife's mother's aunt's uncle is dead.

MRS. F. Long life to him! Whin did he die?

RAF. About a couple o'clock in the mornin' last night.

MRS. F. An' what was the pre-distressin' cause av it?

RAF. Now, Mrs. Finnigan, ye know I don't understand Frinch.

FIN. In politics? An' me a mumber av the Sons o' Timprance in good standin'! Why, I'd lose me reputation in a day. Oh, no, me dear. Whin I get so low down that I have to go into politics for a livin', I'll hire meself out to an organ-grinder.

RAF. That reminds me. What song was that you was singing as you kem in? I'm thinkin' I've heard it somewhere before.

FIN. That? Oh, yis, it's wan I heard at Tony Pastor's t'other night.

RAF. Let's have it.

FIN. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Ye want me to warble?

RAF. That's it.

FIN. Well, I don't know. Is that little poodle pup av yours anywhere about?

MRS. F. And why?

FIN. Well, I sang wan day at a picnic; an' whin I got through the only people lift in sight was me an' a dead dog.

RAF. Oh, go ahead.

FIN. Very well. But you two must be aquilly guilty by comin' in on the chorus. So here goes. (FINNIGAN *sings*.)

RAF. Well, so long, Larry.

FIN. Must ye go, Rafferty?

RAF. Yis, I must be aff. Good-by, mem. (*Exit C. D.*)

(MRS. F. *nods shortly and turns away.*)

FIN. Ye don't seem to be dead stuck on me friend Rafferty.

MRS. F. No, I'm not, an' I don't want him around here, ayther.

FIN. What's the matter wid Rafferty? He's all right.

MRS. F. He's not. He hasn't any *sang-froid*.

FIN. No, for he sang bass.

MRS. F. I mane he's not cultivated.

FIN. Cultivated? Do ye take him for a squash?

MRS. F. He's not like our Patrick.

FIN. (*fills pipe*). No, thank the lord, he's not!

MRS. F. Larry Finnigan, ye ought to be ashamed av yourself always blowin' that poor by up.

FIN. Boy? (*Lights pipe*.) He's twinty-wan years old.

MRS. F. The idea! He's only eighteen.

FIN. I'm dumb.

MRS. F. I guess I know.

FIN. Ah, ha! Then I suppose I must be a spring chicken.

MRS. F. And he's so delicate.

FIN. Is that so? Now I saw him to-day wid a cane as big as a telegraph pole. He had the bald end av it in his mouth, and was walkin' along something like this. (*Affected walk.*) I felt like kickin' him into the middle o' nixt wake.

MRS. F. An' that's why the poor by don't live at home any more.

FIN. No, sor! It's bekase he's ashamed av his hard-workin' ould father. It's bekase he can't endure the sight av these poor

clothes, stained wid lime an' mortar. It's bekase the clasp av this toil-hardened hand is too rough for his delicate flesh. Don't spake to me. It's I who have the right o' bein' ashamed to call such a creature me son. (*Crosses.*)

MRS. F. (*soothingly*). Now, now, Larry! Don't fale like that. Remember, Larry, he's our only child. Don't ye moind the time whin our angel Maggie was dyin', Larry, — whin she called ye to her bedside, an' ye bint down to hear her? "Father," she said, "I'm goin' to lave ye whin the tide goes out to-night. Promise me, father, that you'll be aisy wid me brother, for he's a good heart in spite av his little faults." An' don't ye moind how ye gave the promise, Larry, which she carried wid her to the great White Throne above?

FIN. (*aside*). Bother me eyes! I belave I'm gettin' the grippe.

MRS. F. The poor by has a good heart, indade, an' he'll get over his nonsense in time.

FIN. Well, it's time he did. I'll tell ye wan thing, me dear, — had ye let me lick him enough whin he was a kid, I'd have knocked all that nonsense out av him long before this where's me Sunday clothes? (*Speaks last sentence without a break.*)

MRS. F. In the bedroom, av coorse.

FIN. All right. (*Goes up R.*) By the way, I hear that Dutch Jake has been makin' derogatory remarks about me again.

MRS. F. What did he say?

FIN. They say he called me the "missing link." Now, I'll lave it to anybody, do I look like a sausage?

MRS. F. Niver moind what he says.

FIN. Oh, I don't — I don't at all. But some foine day av I should happen to *meet* him, and I had a sausage in me hand, I would jam it right down his throat, an' say, "There's yer 'missing link,' Mr. Dutchman, an' be hanged to ye." An' av he didn't like it, I don't know, but I think that somebody would git a lickin', an' his name would not be Larry Finnigan, ayther. (*Exit, grandly, R. U. E.*)

MRS. F. (*goes up L.*). Av he jist only had a little bit more stoyle about him, thare's a husband any woman might be proud av. (*Exit, L. U. E.*)

(*Enter PATRICK, C. D.*)

PAT. Nobody at home? (*Comes down; sniffs.*) Yas, I'll bet the old gent is here, for I smell that kill-me-quick tobacco that he smokes. What a fumigator he'd make, if — if he'd only hire himself out. I'll bet that cholera or yellow-fever would take to the woods, if they once got a sniff of that pipe. (*Sits.*) He's a good sort, too, even if he does insist on ra-raking me over, and calling me a dude.

FIN. (*outside*). Mrs. Finnigan!

PAT. (*rises; goes L.*). By Jove, he *is* home.

FIN. (*entering, R. U. E., in shirt-sleeves*). Mrs. Finnigan, have

you been wearing me suspenders agin? (*Sees PATRICK.*) Hello! There's me olive branch.

PAT. How d' do, governor?

FIN. Are ye spakin' to me, Pat?

PAT. Why, yas — of course.

FIN. Then don't ye "governor" me. The first word ye learned to spake was "dad." Now, call me "dad" after this, or I'll break yer face.

PAT. Yas. All right, dad. Where's the old lady?

FIN. Do ye mane yer mother?

PAT. Why, sure!

FIN. Then say "mother," or begorry I'll break yer back.

PAT. Yas. (*Aside.*) I expect there'll be a regular row.

FIN. (*aside*). To think I could be guilty o' havin' a son like that! (*Aloud.*) Say, Pat.

PAT. Yas?

FIN. Ye better be careful.

PAT. Careful?

FIN. That's what I said. Barnum's show is in town, an' the first thing ye know, ye'll be kidnapped an' put in a cage?

PAT. What for?

FIN. For the girls to throw sugar at.

PAT. Look here, dad, — blast it all! — I'm no dude.

FIN. Hear that, now.

PAT. Well, it's true. I hesitate in my speech, but I can't help it — I'm built that way; and I wear good clothes, but I pay for them myself. And that's something no dude can say.

FIN. Good enough, Pat. An' what are ye doin'?

PAT. I'm playing at the Empire Theatre.

FIN. Playin', eh? I thought ye wor workin'.

PAT. So I am. I play a cornet in the orchestra.

FIN. I see. Then ye've larned to toot yer own horn. Begorry, Pat, ye're way past redemption.

(*Enter MRS. FINNIGAN L. U. E.*)

MRS. F. (*runs to PATRICK and embraces him*). Patsy!

PAT. Yas — be careful — don't muss up my suit.

FIN. (*aside*). I'd like to muss up his nose!

MRS. F. It's so nice to see you home again.

PAT. Yas — I'm dreadful hungry. Is there anything in the house to eat?

FIN. There's some real nice cold pancakes an' potaties in the kitchen. (*PATRICK looks disgusted.*)

MRS. F. What do you want, dear?

PAT. Have you any Vienna bread?

FIN. No, we're all out av Vienna bread. But we kin give ye some nightingale's tongue or pickled eels' feet.

MRS. F. I can get some Vienna bread at the bake-shop.

FIN. No ye can't, ayther. He'll be axin for pie the next thing.

MRS. F. But it's only a stip.

FIN. Then let him stip it. Here, come an' help me on wid this collar. Me fingers are all thumbs.

PAT. I'll run down to the bakery myself. (*Strolls off C. D.*)

MRS. F. Don't be long, Patsy.

FIN. I wonder does he call that walk a run? Here! What are ye about? Ye was tryin' to button that collar onto me ear.

MRS. F. (*tying his necktie*). Are ye iver goin' to give that poor by a show?

FIN. He's a whole show in himself. It's worth twenty-five cents to look at him — for Solomon in all his glory cut no figure beside our Pat. (*She draws tie sharply; he chokes.*) Yah! Do ye want to become a widdy afore I'm dead?

MRS. F. (*anxiously*). O Larry, did I hurt ye?

FIN. I guess ye did. I felt black in the face.

KATY (*outside*). Mrs. Finnigan, Mrs. Finnigan!

FIN. Tare an' ages! Some one is comin'. (*Runs out R. U. E.*)

(*Enter KATY, C. D.*)

KATY (*breathlessly*). Oh — oh, Mrs. Finnigan! I — I'm most scared to death, so I am.

MRS. F. Why, Katy darlin', what's the matter?

KATY. Well, you know I (*bashfully*) — I — you know I think a good deal of your son Pat, and — and Pat thinks a good deal of me, and — and we both think a good deal of each other.

MRS. F. I know it, bliss yer heart! an' I'm proud of it.

KATY. But you know Mr. Finnigan and my father are such enemies; they're always wanting to fight.

MRS. F. Yis — jist loike all fool men. Well, then?

KATY. Well, a little while ago he learned that Pat is — is sweet on me, and then you ought to have seen him. He swelled up, and got red in the face, and he swore too — just awful.

MRS. F. The haythen! What did he say?

KATY (*horrified tone*). Gotter — dammer — rung — in — himmel!

MRS. F. Oh! He ought to be locked up.

KATY. And he's coming here boiling mad, and vows he'll have an understanding if he has to wipe out the whole Finnigan family.

MRS. F. Will he, though! (*Arms akimbo.*) I know *wan* mumber av the Finnigan family he'll not wipe out, aven though he *is* yer father.

JAKE (*outside*). Oh, I vos coomin'! I vos coomin'!

MRS. F. Oh, dear! We'll all be murdered sure! (*Runs off L. U. E.*)

KATY. Oh, dear! (*Runs off R. U. E.*)

FIN. (*outside R. U. E.*). Here! Get out av me bedroom!

(*KATY screams; runs on R. U. E., and exits L. U. E.*)

(Enter FINNIGAN, carrying coat, R. U. E.)

FIN. I wonder will I have a chance to get into me Sunday clothes this week or next?

(Enter JAKE, C. D.; stands puffing, near door.)

FIN. I wonder what noise is that? (Pauses and listens while in act of putting on coat.) I'll bet Mrs. Finnigan's poodle pup is having another fit.

JAKE. Say!

FIN. (looks around). No; it's only a beer keg.

JAKE. Say! I vos — I vos —

FIN. Is that so? Well, I hope it didn't hurt much,

JAKE. I vant some satisfaction, aind it!

FIN. Do ye, indade? Well, we haven't a bit in the house.

JAKE. Look here. My name vos Yawcub Jacob Fritzenhousen-hummel!

FIN. I know that, an' I've often pitied you.

JAKE. I don't vont some uf your pity. I vonts to know something.

FIN. Do you? Well, I don't belave ye iver will.

JAKE. Say! Vot vos you mean by letting your fool son make love to my Katy?

FIN. (aside). He calls me by a fool! Oh, if he wasn't in me own house wouldn't I smash him!

JAKE. My Katy vos a lady, she vos, und she marries somebody as better as der son uf an Irish clodhopper, und don't you forgot dot.

FIN. (aside, quietly). I'm beginning to get mad now. I kin always tell whin I'm gettin' mad, for I begin to smile.

JAKE. Don't you see vot I say, ole lime und mortar?

FIN. (aside). Lime and mortar! Oh, av he *wasn't* in me own house! Look here! You say me son is makin' love to your girl?

JAKE. Yaw, py tam! Dot's vot I said.

FIN. (aside). Jist wait till I get hould o' that by!

JAKE. You tink I lets my Katy marry into your family? I don't guess so. You does notting but daub mortar all day, but I keeps a high-toned saloon.

FIN. (hotly). Tare an' ages! An' do *you* think I would have the blood o' the Finnigans contaminated wid that av an ould Dutch beer-boozer? I'd drive me son into the ground wid a club first.

JAKE. You couldn't do dot. He vos too soft.

FIN. You're a liar! (Aside.) Oh, av he *wasn't* in me own house!

JAKE. Dot's all right. Vere is dot boy?

FIN. He's gan after some Vienna bread.

JAKE. All right. (Sits; takes paper from pocket and reads.) I vaits till he cooms back.

FIN. (*aside*). I wonder had I better throw him out now? Say, Dutch, what paper are ye readin'?

JAKE. *Der Staats Zeitung*, Irish.

FIN. Anything in it? (*Sits, and takes paper from pocket.*)

JAKE. Yaw. Here vos some accounts uf fights between Germans und Irish.

FIN. Who licked? (*The men are sitting with backs toward each other.*)

JAKE. Der Germans, uf course.

(FINNIGAN *drops paper, turns and looks, then turns back.*)

JAKE. Von German can shust do up a couple uf Irish any day, yaw.

(FINNIGAN, *same business; half rises, then sits again.*)

JAKE (*looks around*). Vot paper vos you got?

FIN. The *Irish World*.

JAKE. Anyting in dot?

FIN. I should extensively remark that there is. How does this strike ye? (*Reads.*) "Mickey Droган, the bantam weight, stepped into Dutch Daly's dive the other night. There was the usual crowd of German bums hanging around, and when Mickey refused to set up the beer for the gang, they all jumped on him. It was a bad jump, for in less than two minutes he had the whole seventeen of them piled up in one corner."

JAKE (*springing up*). Say! Dot paper lies!

FIN. (*quietly*). Now I *will* lick him. I wouldn't mind an insult on me own account (*rises*), but whin any man dares insult the *Irish World* — (*Angrily.*) Get out av here; get out, you Dutch snoozer! G'wan now, or I'll punch yer head full o' holes!

JAKE. I fit mit der Franco-German var, you bet, und I can lick any Irishman dot walks.

FIN. Can ye, though! (*They rush, striking each other with papers.*)

(*Enter MRS. FINNIGAN and KATY, L. U. E.*)

MRS. F. (*grabbing FINNIGAN, and pulling him back*). Larry! Larry Finnigan! Behave yersilf!

KATY (*same to JAKE*). Father! Father! Stop, now!

FIN. (*struggling*). Let me get at him!

JAKE (*same business*). Luff me got at him!

MRS. F. Av ye both don't stop now, I'll go for the polace! Ye're nice, law-abidin' citizens, ain't ye! Fightin' loike a couple o' school-bys.

FIN. I wasn't sluggin' him on me own account.

MRS. F. What then?

FIN. Bekase he called the *Irish World* a liar.

(Enter PATRICK, C. D., with loaf of bread under his arm.)

PAT. Hello! They're at it again.

JAKE. Here!

FIN. Come here! (Both seize and drag PATRICK down c. The following speeches are simultaneous.)

FIN. Is it true what thot ould keg o' beer says, that ye have been makin' love to his girl, like the dom fool ye are? — as if I would ever allow a Finnigan to marry into the family av an ould sauerkraut like thot!

JAKE. I wants to know, py shiminy gracious, uf you haf had der gall to hang around my Katy schust like you don't know dot she vos a lady und I keeps a saloon, und your fader is notting but a mortar dauber, ain't it?

FIN. Will ye close up that hole in yer face so I kin talk?

JAKE (to PATRICK). Coom. Vot you have to say, eh?

FIN. (same). Don't stand there like a chicken wid the pip. Spake up, or say something now, lively.

PAT. Yas. What is it?

FIN. Thot's what I want to know.

JAKE. Did you make love to Katy?

PAT. It's none of your business.

JAKE. I knocks your head off.

FIN. (interfering). I guess ye better not. If there is any knockin' to be done, I'll attend to it mesilf.

JAKE (goes up c.). All right. Schust give him fits, und I forgives you. I goes mit myself along home. You come too, Katy, right away off quick. (Exit, c.)

KATY (sits). Oh, dear! oh, dear! (Crying.) What will become of us?

FIN. (to PATRICK). There! luk at thot, now — makin' the poor girl cry. I ought to lick ye for thot, if nothin' else. (To KATY.) There, now, Katy, don't cry over thot thing. He's not worth it.

KATY. But I — I — I think he is.

FIN. (aside). She's a very pretty girl. I don't know as I blame Pat so much after all.

MRS. F. (to PATRICK). Skip out an' lave 'em alone a bit. (Exit, L. U. E.)

PAT. Yas. (Exit, C. D.)

FIN. I can't see what you see in that by.

KATY. He's good-natured.

FIN. Yis.

KATY. And good-hearted.

FIN. Yis.

KATY. And — and he plays the cornet like an angel.

FIN. Yis. Then I ought to have named him Gabriel.

KATY. And he's good-looking, too, — like his father.

FIN. Um! well, now, thot's a matter av opinion. (Aside.) She's a very nice girl.

KATY. He can fight, too.

FIN. Fight? Now, Katy, don't tell me any fairy stories.

KATY. Well, he can. He whipped a loafer one night who insulted me.

FIN. To think o' thot, now! Begorry, he's a true Finnigan after all! Katy, you're a darlin'. (*Kisses her.*) Um! I don't blame the by at all.

KATY. Of course he isn't so nice as his father, but then —

FIN. Now hould on, Katy, hould on, or I'll want to elope wid ye mesilf.

KATY. Then you don't object to me?

FIN. Not at all. I'm entirely willin' me son should marry you —

KATY (*eagerly*). Yes?

FIN. But I'm not at all willin' that you should marry me son.

KATY. And why not?

FIN. Well, av me son should marry you, he would get a very nice an' swate little girl. *But* av you should marry me son —

KATY. Yes?

FIN. You would get —

KATY. Well?

FIN. (*turns away*). A chuckle-headed fool.

KATY (*turns away angrily*). Oh!

FIN. So it's no use to think about it at all, Katy.

KATY. It isn't, eh, you thick-headed (*follows him up*), snub-nosed, flannel-mouthed, burr-tongued old mick! (*Crosses.*) I don't believe he's your son, anyhow.

FIN. (*aside*). Oh, av Mrs. Finnigan heard thot, now!

KATY. I don't care. It doesn't seem possible that such an old brick mason as you —

FIN. Now, av *she* ain't throwin' bricks at me head!

KATY. I know what we'll do, — we'll run away and get married, so there, now!

FIN. I suppose that settles it. Run away av ye want to, but I'll give Pat a good, sound wallopin' when ye return.

KATY. You're an old brute!

FIN. Ah, ha! (*Aside.*) I don't think she's quite so nice as I did.

KATY (*embracing him*). O Mr. Finnigan, I'm so sorry! I take it all back. You're the dearest, nicest, best man in the world!

FIN. T-a-f — taf, f-i-e — fy, taffy!

KATY. But I mean it, I do.

FIN. Now look here, Katy, — honest Injun, — do ye really want to marry Pat?

KATY (*bashful business*). I — I — I guess I do.

FIN. Well, ye may —

KATY. Oh! (*About to embrace him.*)

FIN. (*stops her*). Tut, tut, tut, now — hold on; there's a condition. Ye mustn't object to me givin' yer father a lickin', an' ye must hammer the dude nonsense out o' Pat.

KATY. It's a bargain.

FIN. Signed and sealed. (*Kisses her.*) Um! I guess for safety I better put another seal on it. (*Repeats kiss.*)

(*Enter MRS. FINNIGAN, L. U. E.*)

MRS. F. (*loudly*). Mr. Finnigan! (*KATY screams and runs out C. D.*)

FIN. (*down R.*). I've put me foot in it now!

MRS. F. Well, sor?

FIN. (*aside*). I don't feel at all well.

MRS. F. I want to know what this manes.

FIN. Well, I — I see me dear — that is *we* see — I mean to say *you* see — that I — I — (*Aside.*) Oh, divil take it!

MRS. F. Yis, I certainly did see quite too much, ye ould villain! (*Cries.*) Yer b-b-breakin' me heart entoirely, Larry Finnigan!

FIN. What a nice, quiet time I'm havin' av it to-day!

MRS. F. I'll get a divorce, that I will.

FIN. All right. (*Hand in pocket.*) How much will it cost?

MRS. F. Yis, ye want to get rid o' me, an' go marry the Dutch girl.

FIN. I can't, bekase our Pat's goin' to marry her.

MRS. F. O Larry! (*Foyfully.*) An' ye've given yer consint?

FIN. Yis, ma'am. I was doin' that same when ye kim in.

MRS. F. The blissed day! What a fool I've been! I wonder where me by is?

(*Enter PATRICK, C. D., with telegram.*)

MRS. F. Patsy, me darlin', yer father says ye kin marry Katy.

PAT. Yas? Thanks awfully.

FIN. "Thanks awfully!" That's a nice way to talk. I hope she'll bust a broomstick over yer head the first thing.

PAT. Yas. Here's a telegram.

FIN. Who is it from?

MRS. F. Open it quick! Oh, dear! oh, dear! I know me mother has sint it to tell me she's dead.

FIN. No such good luck as that. (*Reads.*) "Form No. 1. The Western Union Telegraph Company. This company transmits and delivers messages only on conditions limiting its liability which have been assented to by the sender of the following message errors can be guarded against only by." —

MRS. F. (*impatently*). What *air* ye doin'?

FIN. (*looks at her*). I'm readin' a telegram. (*Reads.*) "Number G-y 17. Sent by A-n; received by A-s, 17 paid. Dated Bradford, Pa. To Lawrence Finnigan." Why, it's for me!

MRS. F. Go on, go on!

FIN. (*reads*). "There's oil on your land." There! I told ye so. "Will give you" — Mrs. Finnigan, get the broom quick, an' hit me on the head.

MRS. F. Why?

FIN. Bekase I must be aslape! Listen: "Will give you five hundred thousand dollars cash, for a half interest!"

MRS. F. Oh, the blissed saints! We'll move right up among the big guns, an' I'll go to the Italian opery ivery day in a long-tailed dress, wid diamonds as big as me fist.

PAT. Yas, and I'll have a lot of new neckties.

FIN. Begorry, an' now I *will* lick that Dutchman!

(Enter JAKE, C. D.)

JAKE. Not mooch you don't, ole mortar bed!

FIN. Oh, watch me now! (*Rolls up sleeves.*) Yah!

MRS. F. (*pulling his coat*). Stop, Larry, don't degrade yersilf.

FIN. Get out! Lave me to smash him! (*JAKE gets coat half off; FINNIGAN pulls it quickly over his head and pounds him.*)

JAKE. Luff me loose, luff me loose! Police, police, police!

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE. — *An elaborately furnished room in fourth grooves, with fancy interior backing in fifth grooves. Doors R. C. in flat, R. U. E. and L. I. E. Carpet and numerous rugs. A profusion of furniture, ornaments, etc., as per scene plot, all being in the worst possible taste. Discover MRS. FINNIGAN, in gorgeous evening dress, up C., looking in hand-glass. KATY seated L.*

MRS. F. Now, Katy, jewel, are ye sure that iverything is O. K.?

KATY. Oh, yes.

MRS. F. Quite *au fait*, as well as *à la mode* too?

KATY (*laughing*). I guess so.

MRS. F. And say, Katy, do ye think me Frinch is entoirely come — come — come — whare the dickens is me book? (*Gets book.*) Yis — do you think me pronounciation is entirely *come ile fat*?

KATY. I don't understand French.

MRS. F. I know that; but suppose ye *did*, would ye think that anybody would find fault wid me accint?

KATY. I don't see how they could.

MRS. F. Ye're a jewel, Katy.

KATY. How does it seem to be rich and grand, Mrs. Finnigan?

MRS. F. It seems very nice, av coorse, only (*groans*), oh, dear!

KATY. What's the matter?

MRS. F. (*seated, C.*). These shoes are killin' me fate, for the hales are way up in the middle av 'em; and, besides, I'm buckled up so tight in this dress I kin hardly breathe.

KATY. You'll get used to that.

MRS. F. I hope I will. Anyhow, I suppose that fashionable women don't breathe as much as other folks.

KATY. How does Mr. Finnigan like the change?

MRS. F. That man? Don't spake av him. He's jist worryin' the loife out o' me entirely wid his vulgarityisms.

KATY. But what has he done?

MRS. F. Done? What hasn't he done? For wan thing, he's grassly insooltin' all me friends. Yisterday he axed that dear, swate Count de Morney av he found the counter business paid better nor barberin'! An' last night whin I got him to go to the opery he fell aslape — think o' thot; an' doorin' wan o' the most pianito passages he yelled right out in his slape, an' sez, "All down but nine! Set 'em up on the nixt alley!"

KATY. You must have been dreadfully mortified.

MRS. F. Mortified is it? I was black in the face wid blushin'. I haven't felt so bad since the day I wint to Coney Island.

KATY. Tell me about it.

MRS. F. Ye niver heard about thot? Then I'll tell ye, though it's a wonder I'm alive to do it. It was about a wake ago wan mornin' whin I was standin' on the carner o' Fourteen' Strate an' Fit' Avenoo. Along kim Lady Hannah Lovejoy. An' "good-marnin'," sez she, an' "good-marnin'," sez I. "An' would ye after be likin' to take a trip to Coney's Island?" sez she. "We'll have a good toime," sez she.

KATY. And did you?

MRS. F. Wait till I tell ye. We wint by boat, ye know, an' at first it was very nice. The sunlight was dancin', an' so was the bys an' girls; an' the waves was a-flowin', an' so was the lager beer. After we got into the bay the ould boat kipt tryin' to stand on its head, an' I began to fale very queer.

KATY. Were you seasick?

MRS. F. No, indade! (*Indignantly.*) I niver was seasick in all me loife. But me digestion was bad, so I thought I'd go downstairs an' lie down a bit. But the moment I started down (*speaks rapidly*), me breakfast started up, an' I fell agin a baldheaded man an' lost me footin', an' away we wint kerplunkity *bang* to the bottom av the stairs.

KATY (*laughing*). And then what?

MRS. F. Well, they got me on a sofy wid me a yellin' blue blazes fer a doctor, bekase I thought me back was bruck. An' whin he kim he looked at me tongue an' axed me was I sick! Was I sick! An' me almost dead! Thin he said he'd give me a sed-lets powder, an' I said, "Let's have wan." So he sez, "Put wan in wan glass an' wan in t'other, an' drink 'em whin they foam." So I put 'em in the glasses, but they didn't foam at all. Thin I drank down wan glass, an' it wint all right. But the minute I swullered the other glass (*rapidly*), mother o' Moses! I began to froth an' bile like a mad dog wid a mouth full o' soapsuds, an' me on the flat o' me back yellin' blue murder, "Let me aff, I'm dyin'!"

KATY (*laughing*). How did it wind up?

MRS. F. Well, I ran down, that's how. But if ever I mate that doctor, he'll be practisin' medicine on that beautiful shore. (*Crosses.*)

(*Enter COUNT and LADY HANNAH, D. F.*)

HAN. Good-evening.

MRS. F. O Lady Hannah, I'm so glad to see you. Ah, Count, *bon soir*. Take a sate. (*All sit.*)

COUNT. *Comment vous portez-vous?*

MRS. F. *Oui.* (*Aside.*) I wonder what he said.

COUNT. And how is ze Mistare Finnigan zis evening?

MRS. F. He's not up yet.

COUNT. Not up vot?

MRS. F. He's still abed, bad luck to him!

HAN. Is he sick?

MRS. F. Somewhat, yis. Ye see, afther the opery last noight we wint to Delmoniaco's for a supper, and loike a fool Mr. Finnigan ate some Welsh rarebit, an' pickled isters, an' cowcubbers, sardines, an' lobster salad. Well, ye ought to hev seen him all noight long, howlin' an' groanin' an' pitchin' an' tassin' wid forty dozen noightmares all to wance, an' him a-ridin' the whole av 'em!

HAN. Poor Mr. Finnigan.

MRS. F. Excuse me, Lady Hannah. It's O'Hannahan-Finnigan, av ye plaze. I've put a hyp'en in me name since we became high-toned.

COUNT. Vot a pity zat so fine a lady as you should be married to such a man.

MRS. F. (*aside*). Think o' thot, now!

KATY (*to COUNT*). You better be careful how you speak of Mr. Finnigan. He's worth a hundred of you foreign jumping-jacks. (*Goes up c.*)

MRS. F. Katy!

KATY. I mean every word of it, so there! (*Exit D. F.*)

(*Enter FINNIGAN, R. U. E.*)

FIN. Good for ye, Katy. Begorry, the ould man has wan friend lift.

COUNT (*rises and bows*). Ve are all ze great friends of M. Finnigan.

FIN. Is that so? Now I thought by what Katy said as I kim in, that somebody was pitchin' into me.

MRS. F. That was only a joke, *mon cher*.

FIN. (*aside*). Now she's callin' me a monkey!

HAN. Where is Patrick this evening?

MRS. F. He's engaged wid his tailor.

FIN. Yis, an' thot's eleven pair o' pants —

MRS. F. Ah-h-hem!

FIN. What's the matter now?

MRS. F. (*stage whisper*). Ye ought to say "trousers."

FIN. Well, I'll not do it. Pants is pants, an' I don't care what anybody says.

HAN. Your son is a charming young man, Mr. Finnigan.

FIN. Yis, he does wear good clothes. He's had eleven pair o' *pants* this month, an' about half a bushel o' neckties. Now, whin we lived down in Finnigan's Alley —

MRS. F. Ah-h-hem!

FIN. (*glances at her*). As I was sayin' — down in Finnigan's —

MRS. F. (*as before*). Ahem!

FIN. (*looks as before*). Yis, sor. Down at our old home in Finnigan's —

MRS. F. (*loudly*). Oh!

ALL. What is it?

MRS. F. (*faintly*). Only a — a sudden pain in me heart.

FIN. (*aside*). I wonder why it is that whinever I spake o' Finnigan's Alley, me wife always has a fit? (*Turns to COUNT.*) Ye know, sor, we used to live down in Finnigan's Alley, and —

COUNT (*to MRS. F.*). Are you going to ze reception zis evening?

MRS. F. Oh, yis, indade.

FIN. (*looks at COUNT*). Oh! Wouldn't I loike wan crack at him! (*To LADY H.*) Ye see, Lady Hannah, our ould home in —

HAN. I'll help you get ready. Come. (*Exit R. U. E.*)

MRS. F. Oh, thank you!

FIN. (*aside*). I wish she was a man!

MRS. F. Count, will you excuse us for a short time?

COUNT (*bowing profoundly*). Wiz ze utmost great regret. (*Takes her hand and bows her off R. U. E.*)

FIN. (*watching them*). I wonder is me wife smashed on thot thing, I dunno! Av she is, I think I'll smash him meself.

COUNT. Are you to remain at home zis evening?

FIN. I belave that I will. Have ye any objections?

COUNT. I? Oh, not in ze least.

FIN. Thank ye. (*Reads paper.*)

COUNT. I beg of your pardon.

FIN. (*without looking up*). All roight. I forgive ye; don't do it again.

COUNT (*puzzled*). Do it — do vot?

FIN. Nothing.

COUNT (*aside*). Ze *parvenu*! I sink zat you care ver' little for ze social dissipation.

FIN. Ye're right. I do not.

COUNT. Still, zere is much of entertainment in ze Americaine society of ze upper class — to me at least.

FIN. (*looks up*). Is thot so?

COUNT. *Mais oui*. I find ze members of vot you call ze Four Hundred ver' amusing.

FIN. An' so is the baboon cage in Central Park.

COUNT. I do not see ze comparison.

FIN. That's yer own fault. Any man wid half an eye kin see thot a dude is first cousin to an ape.

COUNT (*half aside*). Zen a dude's father must of been a baboon.

FIN. (*aside*). He means me. Oh, av I worn't in me own house!

COUNT (*feeling in pockets*). Vot a bozzer! I have forgotten my purse. Have you a hundred or so zat you could spare?

FIN. I see. Ye want to pull me leg.

COUNT. Sare! I have not touched of your leg.

FIN. I mane ye want to brace me.

COUNT. Brace you vere?

FIN. Ye want to razzle-dazzle me, eh? So ye expect to jolly me out av another hundred, do ye? Not this avening. The bank is closed.

COUNT. Vot you mean?

FIN. (*resumes paper*). Oh, go chase yerself away. I've no money for ye. (*Looks up*). Is that plain enough?

COUNT. Am I zen to understand zat you refuse of me zis beggarly loan?

FIN. No, I don't refuse. It's simply impossible, thot's all.

COUNT (*angrily*). You be nossing but an ole hombug. Eef I but had you at home, I prick your hide wiz a rapier.

FIN. Ye're a dead bate. Av I had ye down in the Alley, I'd smash yer nose wid me fist.

COUNT. Ah! (*Goes up; pauses D. F.*) *Benet! butor!* (*Exit D. F.*)

FIN. Been a beauty! Well, I was a purty good-lookin' b'y, but I wonder how he knew it? I wonder was he guyin' me? (*Starts up*.) Here! Come back here you!

(*Enter PATRICK, D. F.*)

PAT. Ah there, dad.

FIN. How are ye, Pat?

PAT. I'm broke, dad.

FIN. Whereabouts? I see no sign av it.

PAT. I mean I'm flat.

FIN. I always thought ye were; but I didn't think ye'd own it.

PAT. Can't you tumble? I want some dust.

FIN. There's plenty o' that in the coal-bin.

PAT. I — want — some (*spells*) m-o-n-e-y; money!

FIN. Why, av he doesn't know how to spell! (*PATRICK turns up stage disgusted*.) There, Patsy, don't get yer back up, as the bull-dog said to the pussy cat. Here's fifty cents. Now don't go an' paint the town red, bekase if ye do an' get jugged, I'll not pay yer fine.

PAT. Come off, dad. I want a hundred.

FIN. Do ye though!

PAT. Sure. That's only a flea bite to you.

FIN. It must be a very large-sized flea. Say, Pat, whin ye were a kid down in the Alley, you was proud as a peacock wheniver I'd let ye wear me Sunday-go-to-meetin' necktie. But now, begorry, ye've got a bushel of 'em.

PAT. You wouldn't have me wear the same necktie twice, would you?

FIN. Think o' thot now—an' he used to run barefooted all summer!

PAT. But you wasn't an Oil King then, you know.

FIN. What do ye want o' the money?

PAT. I owe part of it to my boxing teacher.

FIN. So ye're learnin' to make boxes? Well, that's a purty good business.

PAT. (*disgusted*). No, I'm *not* learning to make boxes. I'm learning to box.

FIN. Oh, I see. Ye're learnin' to box up goods. That's a purty —

PAT. No, I'm not!

FIN. Ye're not? Thin what the dickens do ye mane by yer boxes?

PAT. I mean that I'm learning to spar — to scrap — to slug — to fight.

FIN. An' ye would pay out money for thot? Why, Pat, it niver cost me nothin' more nor a black eye. Now, av ye want to learn to fight, I'll teach ye, free gratis fer nothin'.

PAT. Thank you, dad, but we don't use brickbats nor shillalehs nowadays,

FIN. Oh, ye don't! Thin I suppose ye stand up an' say (*mincingly*), "Kape away now, kape away. I'll strike ye wid a feather!"

PAT. (*takes hat and starts toward D. F.*). Good-bye.

FIN. Where ye goin', Patsy?

PAT. I'm going back to work for a living.

FIN. Tootin' yer horn in the orchestra?

PAT. Yes, sir.

FIN. An' throw yer mother into a conniption fit? Come back, or I'll wallop ye. I like yer spunk, me b'y. Here (*sits at table, and fills out check*), I'll give a check. There ye are.

PAT. Much obliged.

FIN. Ye're welcome. Now I must go an' look after me *valley de sham*. (*Puts check-book in pocket.*) I want a shampoo. (*Exit R. U. E.*)

PAT. The governor's a pretty good sort after all. If he keeps on — (*looks at check*), hello! that's no way to make out a check. He hasn't written in the amount. Here, dad! (*Starts up R.*)

(*Enter KATY, D. F.*)

KATY. Why, Pat! What's the matter?

PAT. (*nervously*). Oh, you see — I — that is to say, I — oh, nothing much.

KATY. Is that all?

PAT. (*lays check on table*). I — I wonder why I'm always struck dumb whenever I see her?

KATY (*takes book from table up c.*). Pat.

PAT. Yas.

KATY (*brings chair c.*). Come here and sit down. I want you to tell me all about some of these pictures.

PAT. Yas. (*Sits nervously at a distance.*) What's the book?

KATY. "Paradise Lost." You can't see the pictures way over there.

PAT. Yas. (*Moves within a yard of her.*) Now — now I can.

KATY. Here's a pretty picture. It's the Garden of Eden.

PAT. (*looks at book*). Yas. I don't see any garden. It's all woods.

KATY. There's Adam and Eve.

PAT. Oh! (*Turns away bashfully, but without suggestiveness.*)

KATY. This book is awful heavy. (*Nearly drops it.*)

PAT. Yas. (*Catches book and moves chair closer to her.*)

KATY (*leans against him*). That's ever so much better.

PAT. (*looks straight ahead*). Y — yas.

KATY. Here's another picture — the Deluge. What do you think of it?

PAT. (*glances at book*). It — it must have been awfully damp.

KATY (*shuts book*). 'Tisn't any fun to look at pictures.

PAT. No. (*Looks straight ahead.*) I'd — I'd rather look at you.

KATY. Then why don't you?

PAT. Yas. (*Turns and sees her lips close to his own; then turns slowly to front, and straightens up.*)

KATY. Say, Pat, do you think I would make a nice little —

PAT. (*eagerly*). Oh, yas — I'm sure you would. (*Pause.*) And do you think you'd like me for a — a —

KATY (*archly*). I guess I would, Pat.

PAT. Yas. (*Pause; they look at each other then turn away; repeat.*)

KATY. Say, Pat (*coolly*), wouldn't it be real nice to —

PAT. (*briskly*). Yas, of course. (*Pause.*) Supposing I should ask you to — to —

KATY (*leans head on his shoulder*). Yes? Go on, Pat — "to" —

PAT. (*pauses; takes bon-bon box from pocket*). Have a caramel?

KATY (*straightens up indignantly*). Is that what you meant?

PAT. Why, I — I — (*Aside.*) Now I've made her mad.

KATY (*tartly*). I wonder if you do know anything!

PAT. Not much, I guess, except that I — I —

KATY. Well?

PAT. I — I — Katy —

KATY. Yes?

PAT. I'm going to ask you to —

KATY. All right. Go on, Pat.

PAT. Yas. (*Aside.*) She ought to help a fellow out.

KATY. Go on, Pat, go on.

PAT. Yas. Say, Katy (*loudly*), let's get married!

KATY (*aside*). He's said it at last. (*Aloud.*) Well, Pat, I—
(*Turns away.*)

PAT. Yas? (*Aside.*) I'll bet she won't have me.

KATY. I think (*hesitating*), I think I better say—

PAT. (*eagerly*). Yas?

KATY. No—

PAT. Oh!

KATY. No—I mean, yes.

PAT. (*relieved*). Thank you. (*Aside.*) Wonder if she'd be mad if I kissed her?

KATY. Pat!

PAT. Yas?

KATY. You mustn't *dare* to kiss me!

PAT. Well, I—I was just going to, but of course, if you object, I—I won't do it.

KATY. Oh! (*Goes L., angrily.*) You're enough to try the patience of an angel! (*Stamps, and exit L. I. E.*)

(PATRICK *looks dazed; glances R. and L.; straightens up and exits L. I. E.*)

(*Enter LADY HANNAH, R. U. E., and the COUNT, D. F.*)

COUNT (*down C.*). Vell?

HAN. (*down R. C.*). Well. Did you get anything from the old fool?

COUNT. Nossing.

HAN. Why not?

COUNT. I sink he—vot you say—tumble to our leetle game.

HAN. Nonsense.

COUNT. Don't be too sure. *Parbleu!* He be as sharp as ze razor knife.

HAN. And you are as dull as a hoe.

COUNT. Eh, vot? You better keep still of your tongue, or else I—

HAN. Oh, what? (*Laughing.*) Do you think to frighten *me*?

COUNT. *Soit!* (*Comes to table.*) Try your art. Maybe you be of more success.

HAN. How much have you borrowed from him so far?

COUNT. A bagatelle—perhaps a thousand dollar.

HAN. (*laughing*). Until you get a draft from your agent in Paris!

COUNT (*seated*). Unless ve have money soon, it be of no laughing matter.

HAN. Yes—it *is* expensive to assume a rank like ours.

COUNT. Hush! Be you mad? Ze valls have ears. Vat you propose?

HAN. Perhaps it would be best to —

COUNT (*picks up check*). Ah!

HAN. What now?

COUNT. Good luck. Here be a check sign by ze ole fool. (*Looks at it.*) Payable to bearer, too. Ah, good! I sink zis be of value more zan its face.

HAN. I don't see how.

COUNT. Bah! Of course not. You're a woman.

HAN. Exactly. Therefore I'm not fool enough to attempt forgery.

COUNT. It be no forgery. He sign ze check. See (*takes pen*), I add two ciphers to ze hundred dollar. Zen it be ten thousand dollar. I have skill of ze pen. I fill out ze line. So.

HAN. The bank will not pay it.

COUNT. It be to bearer. Mind your own business. I look after zis. (*Pockets check.*)

HAN. And the police will look after you.

COUNT. Have we not often run greater risk? You make me seek.

HAN. The law will make you sicker.

COUNT. Vell, I takes ze chance. Hush! (*They go up R.*)

(*Enter PATRICK, L. I. E.*)

PAT. Wonder what I did with that check? This affair has given me a regular case of rattles. Oh, yes! I left it on the table.

HAN. (*to COUNT*). You see?

COUNT. Hush!

PAT. (*searching at table*). Where the deuce can it be?

COUNT. Beg pardon — have you lost anysing?

PAT. Yes. Lost a check — that is, I left it on the table here.

COUNT. Ah? A small paper all of a crumple?

PAT. Yes.

COUNT. I remember me. I meestook it for of no value and did light a cigar of it.

PAT. What did you do with the cigar?

COUNT. It be von ze ole gentleman gave me —

PAT. And you flung it away? I don't blame you.

FIN. (*off R. U. E.*). I'll not have it, I say. D'ye moind that?

PAT. Hello! The governor's mad about something.

COUNT. Perhaps we better not see him zen.

PAT. Yes, he's a regular hurricane when he's riled. (*Goes L. with COUNT.*) Lady Hannah, will you excuse us?

HAN. Oh, yes.

PAT. And — er — say nothing about the check. He might not like it. (*Exit L. I. E.*)

COUNT. Oh, we say nossing, of course, mum. (*Exit L. I. E.*)

HAN. He will get into trouble if he uses that check. But then

—it's no use saying anything. These men are always so wise in their own conceit. Now, a woman may *borrow* on occasion, but she will not commit forgery. (*Goes up L.*)

(*Enter FINNIGAN, R. U. E.*)

FIN. (*aside*). Ah ha. There's me wife's particular friend. Now, I wonder what new diviltry she's up to!

HAN. Ah, Mr. Finnigan —

FIN. Ah, Lady Hannah.

HAN. (*sits L.*). You look angry.

FIN. I'm not angry. I'm only mad.

HAN. Indeed? I'm so sorry that anything should trouble you, my dear Mr. Finnigan.

FIN. (*aside*). She wants to borrow some money.

HAN. Please tell me your trouble. Perhaps I can be of service; and you know I would gladly do anything to aid *you*.

FIN. Thank ye. (*Aside.*) Now, I *know* she wants to borrow some money.

HAN. Won't you confide in me?

FIN. Well, yes. Now, do ye think I better discharge him or simply throw him out o' the windy?

HAN. Who?

FIN. Me *valley de sham*. I'm always havin' a scrimmage wid him. He wants to help me dress, like I was a kid, to say nothin' o' changin' me clothes two or three toimes a day. An' jist now he wanted to put ile on me hair — an' I — an' I was insulted. Bekase I made some money out av ile ought I to soak me head in it?

HAN. Certainly not. By the way, are you going to the reception?

FIN. Not this avening. It would be too chilly. They froze me out the last time.

HAN. But surely a man of your standing —

FIN. Excuse me, Lady Hannah. My standing is exactly what it was a month ago. Bekase I tumbled into a fortune I'm no better nor no worsen than I was thin. Now, whin some o' yer high-toned folks take off their hats an' say, "How are ye, Mr. Finnigan?" it's not *me* they're talkin' to — it's me pocket-book. Do ye suppose they'd give the snap av a finger for me was I poor agin? I'm sick av it all, an' by the powers I wish I was back at me ould home in Finnigan's Alley. (*Crosses.*)

(*Enter MRS. FINNIGAN, R. U. E.*)

MRS. F. There! He's talkin' about that horrible Alley *agin*. Mr. Finnigan, I'm raley surprised.

FIN. An' I'll be surprised av ye ain't down sick wid the grip after wearin' such a dress.

MRS. F. No, indade, I'll not. Only common people have the grip. Us ladies av the aristo-*crat*-cy have the influenza.

FIN. To think o' that now!

MRS. F. Whare's the dear Count?

HAN. He's with Patrick.

FIN. (*aside*). Ah, ha. That b'y's gettin' into bad company.

MRS. F. It will indade be a lucky girl who catches him.

FIN. (*aside*). I'd like to catch him in the jaw jist wance.

MRS. F. What's that?

FIN. Oh, nothin'; I was only thinkin'. Now, as he's a count, I suppose the girl he marries will be a counter.

MRS. F. Mr. Finnigan!

FIN. I'm dumb!

MRS. F. Why don't ye say how ye like me new dress?

FIN. Um! (*Rubs chin.*) Now, I dunno. But I should say av ye cut aff a mile or two from the skirt an' put it around yer arms an' neck ye'd be more comfortable.

MRS. F. Much ye know about stoyle.

FIN. Maybe not; but I know ye look like an ould —

MRS. F. Mr. Finnigan!

FIN. I'm dumb. (*Goes up L. C., and sits, back to audience.*)

HAN. Had we not better go? It's getting quite late.

MRS. F. Yis, I think we had — although they say it's a sign of fashionable breeding to come late, an' so disturb everybody else. I say, Mr. Finnigan — whare is that mon? (*Loudly.*) Mr. Finnigan!

FIN. (*looks over shoulder*). Did you spake, me dear?

MRS. F. No — I only whispered. I want ye to ring for the carriage, Mr. Finnigan. (*He starts, reaches D. F., and turns back at every "I say."*) And I say — send a servant down to me *modiste* an' give her fits bekase me new opery cloak ain't arrived. And I say — discharge the cook. And I say — see what's the matther wid the stame radiator in me drissin' room. (*Goes R. with LADY HANNAH.*) For it's bilin hot in there. And I say — that's all. (*Ladies exeunt R. U. E.*)

FIN. (*looking after them*). Is that all, I wonder! (*Calls off D. F.*) Michael! I say — go down an' git me a half a pound av Rough on Rats. (*Down C.*) Should this thing kape up, I'll comit suicide av it costs me life.

(RAFFERTY appears at D. F.)

RAF. Whist, Larry!

FIN. Hello! Is that you, Rafferty!

RAF. Yis. Are ye alone?

FIN. By good luck I am. Come in. (RAFFERTY comes down. *They shake hands warmly.*) It's proud I am to see ye. How's the wife an' childer?

RAF. They're all well, praise the Lard, excipt the wife has the chills an' faver, an' the kids are all down wid the mumps.

FIN. That's bad. (*Takes old clay pipe from pocket.*) Got any tobaccy?

RAF. I have. (*Hand in pocket.*) Do ye smoke here in the house?

FIN. No; I can't smoke in the house at all unless I go out doors — that is when me wife's at home.

RAF. That's too bad. (*Gives tobacco; both fill and light pipes.*) How do ye manage it?

FIN. I — (*puff*) I — (*puff*) I climb upon the roof.

RAF. I heard ye were gettin' high toned. (*Looks around.*) Sure it's a mighty foine establishmint ye have. Ah, it's a nice thing to be rich.

FIN. I don't agree wid ye, Rafferty. When I lived down in Finnigan's Alley I was somebody; up here I am nobody. I'm an outside door knob. I'm a passenger, good for nothin' only but to pay the bills. I'm snubbed by everybody. I can't smoke when I want, ate what I want, nor wear what I want. I'm sot down on right an' left, an' the very people who borry money o' me call me an ould fool behind me back.

RAF. Why don't ye slug 'em?

FIN. An' make things worse yet? Oh, no, Rafferty, it won't do. I suppose I must grin and bear it.

RAF. Imagine a Finnigan givin' up like thot!

FIN. (*solemnly*). Rafferty, does yer wife throw Frinch at yer head?

RAF. No — but she throws flat-irons sometimes.

FIN. Thot's not so bad. What are ye doin' now, Rafferty?

RAF. I'm an the Force,

FIN. Polace, eh?

RAF. Yis. To-day's me day aff.

FIN. I wish I cud have a day aff.

RAF. What are ye goin' to do, anyhow?

FIN. I don't know. Bother me money! I wish I hadn't a cent.

RAF. Oh, brace up! Here (*offers bottle*), take a sup o' this.

FIN. Now, Rafferty! Ye know I niver drink.

RAF. Yis, and I've often pitied ye bekase av it.

FIN. (*takes bottle*). What is it?

RAF. Taste an' see.

FIN. It looks like whiskey.

RAF. Well?

FIN. It smells like whiskey.

RAF. Yer nose tells the truth.

FIN. Well, for wance then. (*About to drink.*) Here's lookin' at ye.

RAF. Drink hearty.

FIN. (*pausing*). No, I'll not. It would raise the divil.

RAF. (*disgusted*). Larry, ye're an ould chump!

FIN. I belave I am. But do ye mind the time I got full at Casey's?

RAF. Indade, I do that.

FIN. Do ye mind how I blacked Dooley's eye, an' bruck the windy, an' licked Casey, an' kicked a dure aff the hinges?

RAF. An' I give ye a clip on the hid —

FIN. An' I mashed yer jaw —

RAF. An' I blacked yer eye —

FIN. An' I kicked ye down stairs!

RAF. (*shakes FINNIGAN'S hand*). Wasn't it glorious!

FIN. Begorry, it was thot.

RAF. An' thin —

FIN. An' thin I swore aff, an' divil a taste have I had since.

RAF. That was two years ago.

FIN. Two years nine months an' siventeen days last night.

RAF. That's a long time betwane drinks.

FIN. (*to bottle*). Ah, ye rascal! Don't ye wink at me or I'll ate ye up. Makin' faces at me, are ye! (*Shakes bottle*.) I'm be-ginnin' to get mad at ye now.

RAF. Don't let the crayture insoolt ye, Larry.

FIN. Thot's jist what he's doin'. Here, bad cess to ye! I'll take yer head aff. (*Drinks*.) Ah — h — h!

RAF. (*aside*). Av I get him full wance, he'll clane out the whole gang o' dead beats. Don't let up now, old mon. Have another.

FIN. No — wan is enough.

RAF. But the first wan will be lonesome.

FIN. Av I take another, they'll get to fightin'.

RAF. Let 'em fight.

MRS. F. (*off D. F.*). At home, is he? All right.

FIN. Limpin' Lucifer! It's me wife.

RAF. Stand yer ground.

FIN. What! Wid only *wan* drink? This way. (*Pushes RAFFERTY off L. I E., and exit, drinking.*)

(*Enter MRS. FINNIGAN and LADY HANNAH, D. F.*)

HAN. Back at last.

MRS. F. Oh, dear, yes. That reception was a crusher. (*Removes wrap; pauses.*) I smell tobaccy.

HAN. I thought something was burning.

MRS. F. It's me husband, so it is. He's been smokin' some o' that kill-em-eneck tobaccy. Oh, av I git me two hands on him!

HAN. (R). No, no. Mrs. Finnigan, that would not be ladylike.

MRS. F. (R. C.). I don't care. It's not ladylike for him to smoke in me drawin'-room.

(*Enter FINNIGAN and RAFFERTY, L. I E.*)

MRS. F. Oh, look at him!

FIN. (*walks up c. unsteadily, then turns to MRS. FINNIGAN*). Your drawin'-room, Mrs. Finnigan? Since when, I'd like to know!

MRS. F. Larry Finnigan!

FIN. Here.

MRS. F. Yer a walkin' disgrace.

FIN. No, sor. I'm standin' still. Back me up, Rafferty.

RAF. All right. Go an.

FIN. Mrs. Fin — 'ic — Mrs. Finnigan —

MRS. F. Well!

FIN. I'm purty well. Back me up, Rafferty.

RAF. I'm here.

FIN. Mrs. Fin — 'ic — Mrs. Finnigan, I am — I am —

MRS. F. Yis, I see ye are, an' I know who made ye so. Ain't ye ashamed to be in such company!

FIN. What company? I see — ye mane Lady Hannah — swate Lady Hannah! What's the matter wid Hannah? She's — 'ic — she's all right. Lovely Lady Hannah! Give us a kiss!

HAN. (*dodges*). Mr. Finnigan! (*FINNIGAN stumbles into RAFFERTY'S arms.*)

RAF. Here, now, behave.

FIN. (*dismally*). I want Lady Hannah.

RAF. Ye're goin' too far. Behave, I say.

FIN. Turn me loose, Rafferty.

RAF. (*holding him*). Oh, no, I won't.

FIN. Won't ye, though! (*Breaks away.*) Where's Lady Hannah?

HAN. (*behind table*). Keep him away!

(*Enter COUNT, D. F.*)

COUNT. *Sacré!* Here — stop zat!

FIN. (*loudly*). I want Lady Hannah!

RAF. He's gan crazy. Hilp me hould him.

COUNT. Catch hold, zen. (*They seize him.*) Come wiz us.

FIN. Lave me go! (*Struggles; throws RAFFERTY down C., and flings COUNT on top of him. The women scream. FINNIGAN places one foot on COUNT'S back, and stands with folded arms.*) Me name is Larry Finnigan. I'm — 'ic — I'm chock full, an' I kin prove it!

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE. — *Same as Act II.*

(*Enter MRS. FINNIGAN and LADY HANNAH, R. U. E.*)

HAN. Now, my dear, you mustn't take this so much to heart. All men have their little faults, you know. It's only human nature.

MRS. F. Human nature? It was Rafferty's whiskey.

HAN. (*seated, R.*). Well, never mind.

MRS. F. But I *do* mind. (*Sits, L.*) Think o' the disgrace av it. It'll get into the noospapers, an' our social standin' 'll be ruined foriver.

HAN. Nonsense! Do you suppose anybody believes the papers?

MRS. F. Ye don't mane to say the noospapers ever lie!

HAN. They accuse each other of it. How is Mr. Finnigan this morning?

MRS. F. He's feelin' very bad since his racket last night. He wanted — now, what do ye suppose he *did* want?

HAN. A doctor?

MRS. F. No.

HAN. Some cracked ice?

MRS. F. No.

HAN. Brandy and soda?

MRS. F. No.

HAN. What then?

MRS. F. He wanted me to turn the hose on him!

HAN. Poor man!

MRS. F. Don't waste any sympathy on him. He's been there before many a toime. But I can't imagine, — (*goes up, looks off R.*) here comes the monster now. I'll not condesind to spake wid him. Come, Lady Hannah. What can the dear Count think o' him? (*Exit, D. F.*)

HAN. And I wonder what *he* will think of the "dear Count" tomorrow. (*Exit, D. F.*)

(*Enter FINNIGAN, R. U. E., with large water-pitcher.*)

FIN. (*comes slowly down C.; pauses, then takes drink from pitcher*). I wonder why water always tastes so good the next marnin'? I kin aisily tell whin I've been drinkin', for I'm always so dry afterwards. (*Drinks.*) I wonder what is become o' the Count an' Rafferty I dunno? The last thing I remimber I was walkin' all over thim. Oh, dear! (*Sits.*) Me head fales as big as a couple o' barrels. (*Drinks.*) I'll bet me wife had a fit last night, bekase I have a dim recollection av tryin' to kiss Lady Hannah. It must a been awful.

(*Enter RAFFERTY, L. I. E.*)

RAF. Good-marnin', Larry. How air ye the day?

FIN. I'm a total wreck.

RAF. A wreck?

FIN. Yis, I am. I'm a blowed-up stameboat. I'm a railroad collision. I'm a busted balloon. Say, Rafferty.

RAF. Yis?

FIN. What kind o' tarchlight whiskey was that, anyhow?

RAF. That was the Jockey Club brand.

FIN. Jockey Club? I thought it was a base-ball club. Say, Rafferty.

RAF. Say it.

FIN. Are ye a friend o' mine?

RAF. I am that.

FIN. Will ye do me a favor?

RAF. Wid pleasure.

FIN. Thin take a stick an' hit me on the head.

RAF. An' what for should I?

FIN. To try an' knock a little sinse into me.

RAF. I give you a purty good crack wid me fist last night.

FIN. I'm much obliged to ye, but it didn't do any good. Ye should a hit me wid a can o' dynamite.

RAF. (*rubs jaw*). Faith, that wipe ye give me in the jaw was worsor nor dynamite.

FIN. I'm sorry that I hurted ye, Rafferty.

(*Enter MRS. FINNIGAN, D. F.*)

MRS. F. But I'm not. Av he'd bruck yer neck, 'twould only sarved ye right — ye ould *omadhaun*!

FIN. What a swate-timpered lady!

MRS. F. You're a purty pair! (*Turns away.*)

FIN. Mrs. Finnigan! (*To RAFFERTY.*) Back me up ndw, Rafferty — back me up!

RAF. Divil a wance, will I? Sure, I backed ye up last night an' got a busted jaw fer me pains. (*Goes up.*) Fight yer own battles, Larry. I'm goin' home an' git intil me uniform. (*Exit, D. F.*)

MRS. F. An' stay thare, too. Don't ye iver darken me doors agin. (*Turns to FINNIGAN.*) Well! Have ye anything to say av yerself?

FIN. Yis, I have. (*Slaps table.*) See here, Mrs. Finnigan. We may as well have an understandin' P. D. Q., an' right to the p'int.

MRS. F. Well, ye needn't be swearin'.

FIN. Hould yer tongue! I'm talkin' now. (*Drinks from pitcher.*) Whin we lived down in our ould home I cud look any man in the face, an' say, "Me house is me own, an' I kin do what I like in it." I was happy an' contented there, an' you were a wife instead av a fashion plate. Luk at it now. What am I — nothin'. What are you — an ould scarecrow wid yer everlastin' flim-flumery an' fiddle-de-dees!

MRS. F. Mr. Finnigan, I'll —

FIN. Hould yer tongue! Down there we had friends av our own class, an' they were good friends, too. Up here among yer swells, what have we? Only a lot o' blood-suckers who saftsoap around in order to get me money. Ye want to squeeze in among the Mc-Allister gang, an' the noodle-headed dudes all laugh at ye. We're outclassed, that's what's the matter.

MRS. F. I'm sure the Count de Marnay —

FIN. The Count de nothin'. Do ye suppose that any real aris-

tocrat would be hob-nobbin' wid the likes av us? Not much, Mary Ann. These precious friends o' yours are nothin' but a pair o' swindlers — mark me word fer that.

MRS. F. Larry, I'm ashamed o' ye! (*Crosses.*)

FIN. I'm over seven. I guess I kin stand it.

MRS. F. Larry Finnigan! (*Crying.*) I might a knowd how it would be. Ye're bound to oppose me in ivery way. Ye'd like to see me back at the washtub agin, so ye would — me that was born to shine in society wid the best o' thim. Ye're a monster. Larry Finnigan, if iver thare was wan in the wide world at all, so thare, now!

FIN. Are ye better after that? (*Pause; goes up R.*)

MRS. F. Whare now are ye goin'?

FIN. I'm goin' to lie down for a bit, to see av I kin git me domestic economy in workin' order. (*Exit, R. U. E.*)

MRS. F. This comes of marryin' an ould brick mason. A lady like me what's born to live in high society ought to marry wan o' the Four Hundred first aff. Larry's got money, but it does no good. Av I'd only remained single, I might a been a rich widdy wan o' these days. An' thin I cud bought me a husband wid a title. (*Clasps hands and raises eyes.*) To think av it! I might have married a duke, an' then I'd been a dukess.

(*Enter KATY, D. F.*)

KATY. Good-morning.

MRS. F. Ah, Katy darlin', is that you?

KATY. Why, what's the matter?

MRS. F. It's worryin' I am, down to me skin an' bones, Katy. We've got a fine house here, an' a pew in church, an' a coachman an' footman, an' a box at the opery wid a low neck an' long-tailed dress. An' I come in late, an' I talk an' laugh an' disgust people just like the other swells do.

KATY. Well?

MRS. F. Well. An' I wear a big hat at the theatre so that thim behind can't see anything, an' I come in after the show begins, an' I begin to git ready to go before it's over, an' I'm as noisy as any av 'em. An' I've got sarvints an' diamonds, an' larnin' to spake Frinch an' Italian an' waltzin' an' the pianny, an' what's the good av it all wid a husband who knocks the whole thing in the head?

KATY. Does he, indeed?

MRS. F. Does he, indade? Indade he does. He wants pie for breakfast an' he ates it wid a knife which is what no aristocratical person would think o' doin'?

KATY. But then his heart is all right.

MRS. F. I suppose so. I niver heard av its bein' wrong.

KATY. I mean he has a good, kind heart.

MRS. F. That's true. Larry niver was no hog.

KATY. And he's not happy here.

MRS. F. No more am I.

KATY (*surprised*). What?

MRS. F. It's a fact, Katy, though I wouldn't have Larry know it for the world. Me ould friends from down beyant in the Alley won't come to see me, bekase I'm too stylish. An' the big bugs from Murray Hill won't call bekase I ain't stylish enough. No — that isn't it ayther. It's bekase they know me husband was a workingman, while their money wus made by their grandfathers.

KATY. Never mind what they think.

MRS. F. I don't; only it makes me mad to see the airs they put on. Now, if Larry had been his own grandson, we'd a been all right.

(*Enter PATRICK, D. F.*)

PAT. Say, is the governor about?

MRS. F. Yis — he's about used up. What is it, Patsy?

PAT. A horribly bad pun I should call it. (*At D. F.*) Come in.

(*Enter JAKE, D. F.*)

JAKE (*looks about*). Shiminy! vat style! How you vas, eh?

MRS. F. I'm awfully glad to see ye. But av ye've come for a scrap wid Mr. Finnigan, I'm afraid ye'll be disappointed.

JAKE. No, I don't guess I wants some more scraps mit him. I vos coom to told him someding right away off quick.

MRS. F. I'll go tell him.

JAKE. Himmel! How vos you know?

MRS. F. Know what?

JAKE. Vat I vos goin' to told him.

MRS. F. I don't. I'm only goin' to tell him that ye've got something to tell him yersilf.

JAKE. Nix. You vos got me all mix oop. Luff me see him.

MRS. F. All right. (*Goes R.*) Come wid me.

JAKE. Yaw. Say, Katy — dot feller vosn't so mooch uf a dude now, eh?

KATY. Oh, no. He's got all over that.

JAKE. Dot's goot. It's like der measles. Ven a feller gits ofer it he nefer has it some more. All right. (*To MRS. FINNIGAN.*) I vos coomin'. (*Follows her off R. U. E.*)

PAT. (*down C*). Moses! If our governors conclude to make up, I'll believe the milli-what's-his-name has come.

KATY. It must be something very important to bring papa up here.

PAT. Yas. Maybe he's going to run for Alderman, or open another saloon.

KATY. Well, I'm sure you needn't make fun of my father.

PAT. (*aside*). Now, I've — I've made her mad.

KATY. Run for Alderman, indeed! You must have a high opinion of him!

PAT. I thought it was an honor to be an Alderman.

KATY. Here in New York? And be sent to Sing Sing?

PAT. What for?

KATY. Hear that! And you born and brought up here! Why, for being a boodler, of course. Do you know what that is?

PAT. Yas. A boodler is a — a fellow who boodles. (*Looks towards D. F.*) Here comes a couple now. Let's vanish. (*They exit, L. I E.*)

(*Enter COUNT and LADY HANNAH, D. F.*)

COUNT. Nobody here? Good.

HAN. Then you presented the check?

COUNT. Surely.

HAN. And got the money?

COUNT. Surely.

HAN. Anybody see you?

COUNT. No. Stop — I remember me; an ole Dutchman he stand by me, but paff! He see nossing.

HAN. Don't be too sure of that. Give me the money.

COUNT. Eh?

HAN. Give me the money, I tell you.

COUNT. I see no reason for zat.

HAN. Are you so blind? (*PATRICK appears D. F.*) Supposing inquiries are made? If the money is found on you —

COUNT. *Ma foi!* It make of ze trouble. Here, take ze money. (*Gives package of bills.*) Zen, soon as safe, away ve go for Paris.

HAN. Hush! (*They go down L.*)

(*Enter FINNIGAN and JAKE, R. U. E., and PATRICK, D. F.*)

FIN. There they are!

JAKE. Yaw — dot's him.

FIN. Now, are ye dead sure that ye are dead right about it?

JAKE. I say I see him, and dot's enough.

FIN. I'm much obliged to ye, Jake. (*They shake hands.*) An' this inds all enmity betwane us.

JAKE. Dot's all right. Now go for him.

FIN. I will. (*Comes C.*) Look here, Mr. Count.

COUNT. Sare?

FIN. I have a few words to spake wid ye, an' p'r'aps the woman better go.

COUNT (*loftily*). Sare! Vot you mean?

FIN. I mane I'm beginnin' to lose me timper; an' whin I lose me timper, I git mad. Madam, will ye lave the room?

HAN. Certainly. (*Starts towards D. F., where PATRICK is standing.*)

PAT. (*raises hand*). Excuse me. You can't leave just yet.

HAN. Sir!

PAT. It's all right, dad. Go ahead.

COUNT. *Oui.* Vot have he got to say?

FIN. Just this, ye dom thafe (*rapidly*): hand me over the money ye stole out o' the bank, over me name, or I'll take ye by the nape o' the neck and knock yer rascally brains out agin the wall!

COUNT. Who say I stole ze money?

JAKE. I tink dot feller was me.

COUNT. Zen you be ze liar.

JAKE. So? (*Pulls up sleeves.*) Luff me got at him!

FIN. (*restrains JAKE*). Aisy, Jake, aisy. Let the ould mon do the sluggin'. (*To COUNT.*) Now, come, down wid it.

COUNT. I have no money, you ole fool!

FIN. What! I'll break yer back!

PAT. Hold on, dad. He tells the truth for once. Now, Lady Hannah. (*Holds out hand.*)

HAN. What do you mean, sir?

PAT. (*quietly*). The money, if you please.

HAN. You insult me.

PAT. Impossible. There's an officer outside. Shall I call him in?

HAN. No. (*Throws bills on floor.*) Take your dirty money! (*Exit, D. F.*)

FIN. So *that's* what's the matter wid Hannah! (*Picks up money. JAKE and PATRICK go up C. FINNIGAN'S back is towards the COUNT.*) I wonder is it all here? (*Examines packet.*)

COUNT (*aside, savagely*). *Sacré!* But I will have my revenge! (*Draws dagger, and rushes at FINNIGAN; PATRICK has turned quickly, rushes forward, meets the COUNT, and knocks him down as he was about to stab FINNIGAN. Memo: rehearse thoroughly for positions.*)

FIN. (*to PATRICK*). An' did ye do that?

PAT. (L.). Yas.

FIN. Now, I call that mane. Ye gave me no chance to slug 'im. (*Tenderly.*) Bless yer brave heart, me b'y. Ye saved yer ould daddy's life. Go buy a bushel o' neckties, an' all the pants ye want. (*COUNT slowly rises.*)

(*Enter RAFFERTY, D. F., in uniform.*)

FIN. Hello, Rafferty, ye're just in time. Take this thing out an' jug it. Ah! (*To COUNT.*) Av I had anything in me hand but me fist, I'd break yer back. Freeze to him, Rafferty.

RAF. That I will. I was after him anyhow, for he's the crook-
edest crook from Crooktown. His wife's already arrested.

ALL. His wife?

RAF. Lady Hannah Lovejoy. She's a great deal worser nor him.

COUNT. You hold ze trump cards now, but I get even yet.

RAF. Ah, hould yer whist! (*Exit with COUNT, D. F.*)

JAKE (R.). Dot vos a close shave.

FIN. (*picks up dagger*). I guess yer right, Jake. Anyhow, I wouldn't want to be shaved wid thot.

(*Enter* MRS. FINNIGAN *and* KATY, D. F.)

MRS. F. O Larry! what has happened?

FIN. Several things. Your high-toned friends happened to be a couple o' sharpers, while you an' I happen to be a couple o' fools.

MRS. F. Larry!

FIN. It's so. I'll leave it to our friends. (*Looks to audience.*) But I'm goin' to turn over a new leaf. To-morrow I vow I'll rent, sell, or give away this house, an' we'll go back where we belong — back where we'll be happy — back among our ould, true friends in Finnigan's Alley.

CURTAIN.

L. PATRICK. KATY. FINNIGAN. MRS. FINNIGAN. JAKE. R.

REMARKS ON THE PLAY.

Here is a novelty.

An American Irish play! No "red-coats," no "evictions," no "landlords." There are no "uprisings," "dungeon cells," nor "persecuted maidens." In writing this breezy play TOWNSEND has left the beaten track, and we gladly follow him into a new and delightful region.

FINNIGAN'S FORTUNE is a play of to-day. It is up to the times. Instead of wildly impossible characters we meet real flesh-and-blood people, who do things exactly as all the audience believe *they* would do under similar circumstances. Therefore every scene in the play appears so natural and lifelike that, in the illusion of reality, one forgets it is all acting. The *rôle* of FINNIGAN is a favorite one with the author, who appears at his best in character parts. The supporting characters are excellent, giving opportunities for strong individual work.

FINNIGAN is a man of fifty. He is red faced, slightly gray, and is made up stout with short throat-whiskers. He speaks with a "burr" — clipping the consonants and softening the vowels. He speaks rapidly when excited, and at such times his "brogue" is very much in evidence. The part should be played quietly, the voice seldom raising even in the stormiest scenes.

PATRICK is a pale, beardless young man of twenty-one. Bear in mind that, despite his father's assertion, he is *not* a "dude." He is diffident in manner and hesitating in speech. At the same time he is plucky enough in an emergency, as his conduct in the last act indicates.

JAKE is a typical stage "Dutchman," — middle aged, stout, and florid. His noisy, explosive manner is an excellent foil to FINNIGAN'S more quiet bearing; therefore, the character should be portrayed on the lines of broad comedy.

RAFFERTY is a man of forty. His make-up is dark, he wears a mustache, and speaks with a decided brogue. His speech is quicker and more decided than FINNIGAN'S.

DE MORNEY is a Frenchman of about thirty-five. He has the traditional make-up, — dark, with moustache and goatee. He is quick and nervous in movement, gesticulates freely, and generally is overbearing in manner. Be careful to avoid overdoing this *rôle*, especially in the dialect.

MRS. FINNIGAN is a pompous, self-assertive woman, about forty years of age. Her ignorance, coupled with an imaginary refinement, makes this a deliciously comical part, of which she is wholly unconscious. She has a touch of pathos now and then, which, to be effective, must be entirely unstudied. The character admits of much eccentricity in manner and in dress; hence there is little danger of over-doing it. Her "French" must be invariably mispronounced.

KATY is a girl of eighteen. This is an *ingenue rôle*, and should be played throughout with an air of artless innocence — which will be highly effective if at all well done.

LADY HANNAH is a handsome, dashing woman of about thirty. She dresses in good taste, and is thoroughly refined in manner, except during her private scenes with DE MORNEY, in which she throws off the mask.

A NEW SHAKESPERIAN TRAVESTY.

The Shakespeare Wooing

A PLAY OF SHREDS AND PATCHES TAKEN FROM THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

By **M. M. TAYLOR,**

PART AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONOTHANATOLETRON."

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Price 15 cents.

This most amusing entertainment treats certain well-known Shakesperian characters in a similarly whimsical way to that employed in "The Shakespeare Water-Cure" and "Place aux Dames." Its argument is, briefly, as follows: LADY MACBETH, being left a widow by the sudden and lamentable demise of her husband, falls in love with ROMEO, and, taking advantage of Leap Year, woos him with gentle firmness. He refuses her, assuring her that he loves OPHELIA. LADY MACBETH, mad with jealousy, procures an epitome of modern literature from the three witches, former friends of her husband, and, giving it to OPHELIA, causes her "reason's overthrow." OPHELIA, having lost her reason, falls in love with LAUNCELOT GOBBO. The play is ended by the remorse of LADY MACBETH, who restores OPHELIA to her senses and to her lover, at the same time bestowing her own hand upon LAUNCELOT.

It is heartily to be recommended for its cleverness, its refinement, its taste and its wit, as well as for its dramatic quality.

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For three male and three female characters. Modern every-day costumes. Scenery of the very simplest character. Plays about an hour, or longer, according to specialties, songs, etc., introduced. This entertainment is a decided novelty, and is excruciatingly funny. First-rate Irish soubrette part, and capital comic old man. Prof. Baxter's patent process for making old people young again suits everybody, both on the stage and off.

Price, - - - - 15 cents.

SYNOPSIS.

SCENE. — Dr. Baxter's Office. Mary Ann and the Professor. A scientific breakfast. Patients. A sweet young thing of fifty. Mary Ann romances. The old dude. More patients. A back number. Getting ready for the operation. Roxanna and the Doctor. Greek meets Greek. Electro-motive force, *vs.* a female tongue. The "gossimere." The current begins to work. Woolley has a very strange feeling. Charged with electricity. "I never charge, but take cash down." Filling the cabinets. A little backward in coming forward. Dorothy's shyness. "What, get in there with two men!" Mary Ann sacrificed to propriety. Roxanna and the Doctor again. Getting the mitten. "You press the button, and I'll do the rest." The current full on. Groans of the wounded. After the battle. Old maids and old dudes made new. Roxanna's work undone. "It's a deep laid plot!" Celebrating the event. "The dude who couldn't dance." Mary Ann and "The Irish Jubilee." It is in the air and Roxanna catches it. A terrible catastrophe. The deaf old gentleman gets overdone. The Professor adopts the old infant. Marrying and giving in marriage. The "invention" pronounced a grand success.

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